**Final Verdict**

*1979*

Time was the court would speak, and the people know,

That intellect, not fear, would rule the land.

That courage, truth, and freedom all would flow,

As one, with tribute to no flag or man.

But then the cry of those who shun the light,

Rang out, and the day of the fool was close at hand.

For now the court sang songs of woe and fright;

Found comfort in the lie, and in the sand.

Time was the court would sing and men would cheer,

With joy at the sound of a voice that knew no age.

But now they spin their cloth and old men sneer,

And the young cry out with hate, and pain, and rage.

Time was the court would play, and the people dance,

To a hymn of hope, and peace, and love, and rest.

Time soon the court will fall upon their lance,

With the final hand of guns, and blood, and death.